

Agents sending in subscriptions without remittance must state distinctly how long they are to run.
Agents are personally charged with and held responsible for unpaid subscriptions sent in by them.

VOL. XIII. No. 41.

A TAILOR'S PROTEST

AGAINST KORKOWINSKY'S BALTIMORE STRIKE CONDUCT.

To the Readers of the People:—As our craft, the tailors, are having all sorts of trouble in Rochester, we of the same craft, and belonging to the same pure and simple trade union, are having our troubles in Baltimore, caused through the treachery of corrupt leaders, and especially one, who sails under the alias Harry White, his original name being Korkowinsky, of New York, National Secretary.

The United Garment Workers' Union, Local No. 7, has about 500 members, composed mostly of good, honest, hard-working men—Hebrews.

The trouble started in this manner: A letter was sent to the District Council of Baltimore city from the New York District Council, stating that they should pay the bill for 10,000 labels which they delivered to Morris & Co. The District Council of Baltimore answered that as they hadn't ordered any labels for Morris & Co., they refused to pay for them.

A committee of five was appointed by the Council to wait on Morris & Co. The committee was Gordon, Miller, Silverman and Kutchinsky.

Morris & Co., overall manufacturers, made a personal agreement with Korkowinsky, alias White, chief labor fakir of the said union, that he would furnish the union label (Did we say union label? God forbid!) for all overalls turned out in his factory. Mr. Morris asked Korkowinsky, alias White, "Supposing I do not get enough labels from you, how will I procure them?" Mr. White then gave him the cut of the union label, so that he could get them printed himself, any old place, without asking the consent of the District Council, and then this thing calls himself a labor leader and says he represents the only kind of a union that will better the conditions of the working man, when the union would not last twenty-four hours without the assistance of the boss, our enemy.

We tailors are getting our eyes open, through reading The Weekly People, and we have come to the conclusion that the Socialist Labor Party and the S. T. & L. A. trades union are the only true friends we have, regardless of all that is said by such fakirs as Korkowinsky, alias White.

Well, to return to the subject again, the District Council appointed a committee of five, composed of Gordon, Miller, Silverman and Kutchinsky, to wait on Mr. Morris, as the said firm had signed an agreement with the local union of overall makers for one year. The committee asked an explanation of how Morris was getting the labels without coming to the District Council. The committee was denied admittance at first. Then they informed Morris if they were not allowed to inspect the place to see if they were the genuine label, they would at once call a strike. The committee was shown the agreement between Morris & Co. and White, which none of the locals knew anything about.

Mr. Sonnerbone, another firm, also signed an agreement with Local Union No. 7, that all his tailors were to work only nine hours from May 1, 1903, to May, 1904; also, his contractors' employees were to work only nine hours from January 1 to May 1, 1904.

In October, or thereabouts, Mr. S. Sonnerbone called a meeting of all his employees at his factory "for the benefit of his workingmen," and informed them that they must work ten hours instead of nine hours. His reason was the competition from the other great clothing centres, such as Boston, St. Louis and the east side of New York. But the majority of these places are only working nine hours.

After the meeting the employees reported back to their respective locals. The locals, as a body, informed Mr. Sonnerbone that he had to live up to the agreement till it expired. Mr. Sonnerbone, after being informed in regard to the action of the local, cut the employees down to one and two days' work a week. His contractors followed suit, his object being to try and starve the workers into submission.

Local No. 7 then notified the executive board of New York to send a committee to settle the difficulty, but they received no answer. Then Local No. 7 appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the committee which was appointed by the District Council to go to New York on Sunday evening to interview the General Executive Board. Mr. Sachs, then president of Local No. 7, also foreman for Mr. Sonnerbone, got up and demanded that they go at once, before their own local executive board had submitted it to their respective local.

WEEKLY PEOPLE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

Section St. Louis Depicts Working Class Conditions There—Sights That Would Startle Napoleon.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27.—It has been some time since the readers of The People have heard from St. Louis, but we are still doing business at the old stand, dishing out our only stock in trade, the class struggle.

At present this part of the globe is known as "the World's Fair City," because of a money-making scheme that the capitalists have launched here known as the World's Fair, an enterprise which is supposed to be a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, i. e., the purchase of a strip of land which was bought from Napoleon Bonaparte by the American capitalist class in 1803. But the working class has not benefited by the purchase. They were being robbed then; they are being robbed now, a hundred years later, only on a larger scale.

If Napoleon could be resurrected and brought out to the World's Fair grounds he would certainly make startled eyes, for he would behold a sight that would startle him, a sight before which the Pyramids of Egypt pale into insignificance. And who is it that has made such wonderful things possible?

The working class. And what have they got out of it? Low wages, high rents, famine prices for the necessities of life, constant fear of losing their jobs by the competition of the unemployed, and the approaching winter promises to bring with it untold suffering. Already the newspapers have announced that there is a greater demand upon the charity organizations for food and clothing than there ever was before, and the winter has just begun.

With the aid of the reptile press, the commission merchants got a chance to get rid of their pestiferous rabbits and overripe poultry, which they fed to about 30,000 people at the Coliseum on Christmas Day. Add to this that the street car accommodation in the working class district is very bad, and that the unemployed of other parts of the country are flocking into this city in hope of getting a job, only to be disappointed, and you have a faint idea as to the terrible conditions of the working class in the World's Fair City.

We can hear our sentimental friends setting up the old cry, "You Socialists are wrong in calling the capitalist class a robber class." Are we? Let us produce the evidence.

Mrs. James Blair, president of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair and wife of Mr. James Blair, first consul of the World's Fair, recently shocked (?) society by giving a dinner at which the guests appeared in short dresses. According to the newspaper reports, it was a swell affair, and the busybodies asked themselves the question: Where did she get the money from? They soon found out. Shortly after the scarcity-of-clothes affair society was shocked once more by a report that appeared in the newspapers, in which Mr. Roberts, law partner of Mr. Blair, accused Mr. Blair of swindling the heirs of the Blow estate, for which he was the trustee, out of many thousands of dollars. Blair was sick at the time, and while yet in the hospital he was indicted by the Grand Jury for forgery.

Crediting him with only enough grey matter to find his way about the streets, he must still have known the facts. He knows that, not only has the A. L. U. not only organized dual unions, but that the A. F. of L. has; and so useful has Gompers' gang become to the capitalists because of this, the Citizens' Alliance is now welcoming the A. F. of L. to the West with open arms. He knows that in Western localities, where the A. L. U. is powerful, the isolated A. F. of L. union receives the hand of complete fellowship, while in the East Gompers has sought to crush every A. L. U. local he could reach, and in one instance he succeeded.

Hoehn, if at all informed, known that in California the A. F. of L. bodies have tried to prevent the A. L. U. unions (in no sense dual, for they do not organize any such) from a seat in the central bodies. If he is disposed to be fair he can learn that Stuart Reed has been running from one Massachusetts union of the A. L. U. to another to induce them to withdraw, and even offered the cut sole workers an international charter to sever connections. That Gompers' men scabbed it on the California miners, and later on the U. B. of R. E.; that the striking A. L. U. paper mill employees of Denver were supplant by organized A. F. of L. scabs; that the A. L. U. is a reorganized organization, and the rank and file, not the leaders, are "boss."

On the other hand, we challenge Mr. Hoehn or any of his ilk to name a single instance where an A. L. U. union has ever scabbed. We challenge him to name a single instance where the A. L. U. has organized a dual union, and, finally, we challenge him to name a single instance where the A. L. U. has not striven to maintain the class interests of all the workers, regardless of their affiliation. It is your turn to "ante," Mr. Hoehn. Substantiate your charges or confess that you lied.

their: He plundered it from the working class.

Members of the capitalist class try, and do, swindle each other; but as a class they robbed all they got from the working class. The capitalists can rob the workers because they own the machinery of production, and because they own and control the political power, which, in this State, is being looked after by the Republican and Democratic parties.

The middle class, who expected to reap a harvest out of the World's Fair, are already meeting with sore disappointment, and failures among them are of daily occurrence. Once upon a time the middle class in this State cut a big figure in politics, but this being a Democratic State, the large capitalist class made it their business to get control of the Democratic machine. Spasmodic efforts have been made by the middle class to regain the political power through the People's party, Public Ownership party and Allied Third party. But all these movements were only a flash in the pan, and they soon died out, which is but natural, as every political movement is but a reflex of an economic class.

Another class which is an eyesore to the class-conscious workingman is the petit middle class—the men with the small custom tailoring shops, the foot-power dressmakers (of which in this city you will find one in every third block), the two-by-four coal dealers (whose stock in trade is not over three baskets of coal and 10 cents' worth of kindling wood), and all the other small skinners of the working class.

It is amusing to hear these little skinners rant against the trusts. As a rule, their hatred against the working class is in many cases worse than that of the middle and upper-capitalist classes. Politically, they are up a tree, and are easily taken in by any passing movement that promises them a reduction in taxes, cheap light and a low-priced license for the People. All of the members did not attend these meetings. Some spent their time borring from within coffin societies, others were at home making a desperate attempt to puff the Social Revolution out of corn cob pipe.

Comrades, fall in line, roll up your sleeves, and get ready for the fray. There will be plenty of work for us all.

The capitalist parties have already begun their campaign. The bogus Socialists, under the leadership (?) of Ex-Deputy Sheriff Hoehn, are having trouble in their campaign between the followers of the A. F. of L. and the advocates of the A. L. U.

Rumor has it that the labor fakirs are going to float a Union Labor Party. All of which means that there will be something doing, and it is up to you to do your share.

We know that in some cases it is impossible to attend every meeting. Baby may get stomach-ache; your wife may get sick, or your mother-in-law may drop in for supper and announce her determination to stay all night, and, in order to avoid trouble, you must stay at home and make a bluff at entertaining her. Your uncle from the country (him with the mortgaged farm) may visit you, and, as he has come in on an excursion ticket, he has not long to stay, which means that you must grind your teeth and take him around. But these things do not happen every day. You could come around at the least twice a month.

A word to the readers of The People before we close. What are you doing to help the cause? Drop a nickel in the hat at the Commune Celebration? That isn't enough. You should join the party. Or help us some other way, such as sending a money donation once in a while. Get your shopmates to subscribe for The People, sell literature and help to swell the crowd at our public meetings. Don't let your German friend, Hans Schneider, pass you off with the old, worn-out gag: "Ick kann nicht English lesson." Sell him some German literature, of which you can get plenty at our headquarters, 307 1/2 Pine street. You tell us that you are a Socialist, but we don't believe it. We are from Missouri, and want to be shown.

Press Committee, Section St. Louis.

can transform capitalist property into working-class property, the same way that feudal property was transformed into capitalist property by the revolutions of the last century. With this end in view, it is carrying on the work of agitation by spreading the doctrine of the Social Revolution (which means the overthrow of the entire capitalist class), through public meetings on the street corners, in halls, and by spreading party literature wherever possible.

There is a Section of the Socialist Labor Party in this city, which, in the last few months, has been very active. Two speakers were sent through the State to plow the ground, and this was followed up by a canvasser for the Party's paper, The People, with good results.

At the last six open-air meetings, held at the corner of Thirteenth and Franklin avenue on Saturday nights, we sold 212 books and got 22 subs. for The Weekly People. At a meeting held at Wallhalla Hall on December 12, with Comrade Veal as the principal speaker, we sold 16 books, collected \$7.11, and had 85 people in the hall, and this on a night when the weather was the worst seen here in many years.

At our open-air meetings we had Vaughn and Knight, from Colorado; Pierson and Cox, from Illinois; Gupp and Bilsbarrow, from the Section, as the speakers. They were assisted by the members, who made themselves busy by selling books and soliciting subs. for The People. All of the members did not attend these meetings. Some spent their time borring from within coffin societies, others were at home making a desperate attempt to puff the Social Revolution out of corn cob pipe.

Comrades, fall in line, roll up your sleeves, and get ready for the fray. There will be plenty of work for us all.

The capitalist parties have already begun their campaign. The bogus Socialists, under the leadership (?) of Ex-Deputy Sheriff Hoehn, are having trouble in their campaign between the followers of the A. F. of L. and the advocates of the A. L. U.

Rumor has it that the labor fakirs are going to float a Union Labor Party. All of which means that there will be something doing, and it is up to you to do your share.

We know that in some cases it is impossible to attend every meeting. Baby may get stomach-ache; your wife may get sick, or your mother-in-law may drop in for supper and announce her determination to stay all night, and, in order to avoid trouble, you must stay at home and make a bluff at entertaining her. Your uncle from the country (him with the mortgaged farm) may visit you, and, as he has come in on an excursion ticket, he has not long to stay, which means that you must grind your teeth and take him around. But these things do not happen every day. You could come around at the least twice a month.

A word to the readers of The People before we close. What are you doing to help the cause? Drop a nickel in the hat at the Commune Celebration? That isn't enough. You should join the party. Or help us some other way, such as sending a money donation once in a while. Get your shopmates to subscribe for The People, sell literature and help to swell the crowd at our public meetings. Don't let your German friend, Hans Schneider, pass you off with the old, worn-out gag: "Ick kann nicht English lesson." Sell him some German literature, of which you can get plenty at our headquarters, 307 1/2 Pine street. You tell us that you are a Socialist, but we don't believe it. We are from Missouri, and want to be shown.

Press Committee, Section St. Louis.

THE FIRST SOCIALIST MAYOR OF WISCONSIN

Answering the Charges of the Social Democrats of That State, Accuses Them of Double Dealing and Grafting—Condemns One to Penitentiary.

(Special to The People.)

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 29.—The following items, taken from the Milwaukee Sentinel, explain the true state of affairs as they exist in this city and elsewhere within the Social Democratic party:

(Milwaukee Sentinel, Dec. 28, 1903.)

I.
"SUMMON MAYOR BORN."

Social Democrats Charge Sheboygan Executive With Disloyalty.

Must Appear Before Committee.

The new State Central Committee of the Social Democratic party of Wisconsin at its first session yesterday decided to summon before it Mayor Charles H. Born of Sheboygan, against whom charges

have been filed by some of the members of the party in that city, who claim that Mayor Born, who was elected as a Socialist candidate, has been derelict to his party and its principles. The hearing has been set for January 16, and an interesting session is expected if Mayor Born and his supporters, as well as opponents, come down from Sheboygan to contest the charges. If the charges are proven against him, members of the committee declare it will mean his expulsion from the party and that the committee will ask him to resign as Mayor of Sheboygan. The same charges have been voted down by the City Central Committee of Sheboygan and an appeal was taken to the State Board.

The accusations against Mayor Born embody three counts and are signed by John Meyer, Charles Nietman, John

Russow and Joseph Baumgartner. The three specific charges follow:

"First—That Mayor Born violated the principles of the Social Democratic party by action favorable to a trolley line franchise after the City Central Committee of the party had considered the matter and advised against such action.

"Second—That he reduced the assessment of the Water Works Company, contrary to the advice of the Supervisor of Assessments and the District Attorney, and contrary to Socialist principles.

"Third—That he appointed to public office as members of the Public Library Board capitalist politicians, among them the owner of a newspaper that was an open enemy of organized labor."

It is the custom of the Socialist party, before nominating a man for a public

office, to secure his signed resignation, to be handed in at any time that the Central Committee of the party should deem advisable. This step was not taken when Mayor Born, a Spanish-American war veteran and once Republican Mayor of the city, was nominated. When the charges against him were overruled by the City Central Committee of Sheboygan his opponents charged that this was done because every Socialist officeholder in Sheboygan was given a vote on this committee, and it was therefore favorable to the Mayor, from whom many of them had received their appointments."

II.
"SAYS CRANKS RULE"

"Sheboygan Mayor Scores Socialists Who Bring Charges.

"Double Dealing Is Alleged.

"Special Dispatch to The Sentinel.

"Sheboygan, Wis., Dec. 29.—Mayor Charles A. Born, when shown the charges preferred against him by the State Central Committee of the Socialist Party, as published in Monday morning's Sentinel, was inclined to treat the affair as a huge joke.

"Under no condition will I appear before the committee to defend any official act of mine," said Mayor Born, "so long as that board contains a member who would be better situated if he were at Waupun than at large. Furthermore, as long as Robert Saltiel, of this city, is on the committee, elected thereon by methods which Socialists condemn, I shall have nothing to do with it, and most certainly not in star chamber proceedings.

"Mr. Saltiel is responsible for the imperative mandate not having been signed by the local Socialist candidates. He came to me himself at the time he pretended to be my friend, and said that, in his opinion, the mandate as outlined was too strong, and would put the officials elected at the mercy of any designation committee, and upon his suggestion the matter was dropped.

"The leaders of the Socialist party in this State are of the same type as those of the Prohibition party. The temperance movement was popular, and last gaining ground, until a number of cranks got into control. The Socialist party is undergoing the same spasms. Whether it will survive I do not pretend to know, but I feel satisfied that many of the principles contended for by that party will live on probably in some other party where they will lose the stigma that now attaches to them by virtue of the connection with the Socialist party of persons who do not recognize the ethics of Socialism, but are members of the party out of personal spite against the older parties, or because they see therein an opportunity to work their political graft."

When I accused Mayor Born of the very acts he is now charged with by members of his own party I was denounced as a vilifier, slanderer and a De Leonite. This was only six months ago, and now the stench of corruption has become so strong that even their own members cannot bear it any longer. When the speakers of the Socialist Labor Party claimed that the motives of the so-called "leaders" of the Social Democrats were anything but honest, they were called liars; and now they are told that these leaders are "grafters" and ought to be in the penitentiary at Waupun, by one of their "shining lights," the "first Socialist Mayor" in Wisconsin. Truly when thieves quarrel the public learns the truth, and we hope that a few more of these "jokes" will be exposed before the next State campaign, so that we may be able to prove that "by their deeds ye shall know them."

We are firmly convinced that this is the beginning of the end, and if the comrades and friends of the Socialist Labor Party in Wisconsin will awake from their lethargy and assist those who are now straining every muscle to keep the name of our party clean and unsullied, as well as trying to educate and agitate, we will soon have every honest member of the S. D. P. within our ranks, and, when once this henchman of capitalism, i. e., the S. D. P., has been annihilated, we can then devote our energy exclusively to capitalism, and as it is easier to fight one organization than two our efforts will be crowned with success all the sooner.

Comrades, these are stern facts, and it is time we went to work and exposed the rottenness of the S. D. P. While it is true we have done all we thought we could, still the writer is firmly convinced that with revival of

The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
By DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904, by the NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

In my introduction to "The Silver Cross; or, The Carpenter of Marseilles," I said:

"Eugene Sue wrote in French a monumental work—the *Mysteries of the People; or, History of a Proletarian Family*. It is a 'work of fiction'; yet it is the best universal history extant. Better than any work, avowedly on history, it graphically traces the special features of the several systems of class-rule as they succeeded each other from epoch to epoch, together with the nature of the struggle between the contending classes. The 'Law,' 'Order,' 'Patriotism,' 'Religion,' etc., etc., that each successive tyrant class, despite its change of form, hysterically has sought refuge in in order to justify its criminal existence whenever threatened; the varying economic causes of the oppression of the toilers; the mistakes incurred by these in their struggles for redress; the varying fortunes of the conflict—all these social dramas are therein reproduced in a majestic series of 'historic novels,' that cover leading and successive episodes in the history of the race."

The present story—*The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman*—is one of that majestic series, among the most majestic of the set, and, with regard to the social period that it describes—its institutions, its classes, its manners, its virtues and its crimes, and the characters that it builds—the most instructive treatise on feudalism, at the very time when the bourgeois or capitalist class was struggling for a foot-hold, and beginning to break through the thick feudal incrustation above. More fully than Molière's plays, and strangely supplemental of the best passages on the subject in the novels of George Eliot, *The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman* chisels the struggling bourgeois on the feudal groundwork and background, in lines so sharp and true that both the present fully developed and ruling capitalist, inheritor of the feudal attribute of plundering, is seen in the historic ancestor of his class, and his class' refuge, the modern middle class man, is foreshadowed, now also struggling like his prototype of feudal days, to keep his head above water, but, differently from his prototype, who had his future before him, now with his future behind. This double development, inestimable in the comprehension of the tactical laws that the Labor or Socialist Movement demands, stands out clear with the aid of this work.

Eugene Sue has been termed a colorist, the Titian of French literature. It does not detract from his merits, it rather adds thereto, that his brush was also photographic. The leading characters in the story—Fergan, the type of the physically and mentally clean workingman; Bezenecq the Rich, the type of the embryonic bourgeois, visionary, craven and grasping; Martin the Prudent, the type of the "conservative workingman"; the Bishop of Laon, the type of usurping power in the mantle of religion; the seigneur of Plouernel, the type of the ingrain stupidity and prejudices that characterize the class grounded on might; a dazzling procession of women—Joan the Hunchback and Azor the Pale, Perrette the Ribald and the dame of Haut-Pourcain, Yolande and Simonne, etc.—types of the variations in the form of woman's crucifixion under social systems grounded on class rule; Walter the Penniless, the type of dispositions too indolent to oppose the wrongs they perceive, and crafty enough to dupe both dupers and duped; Garin, the type of the master's human sleuth—are figures, clad in historic garb, that either hurry or stalk impishly over the boards, followed by mobs of their respective classes, and presenting a picture that thrills the heart from stage to stage, and leaves upon the mind rich deposits of solid information and crystalline thought.

As a novel, *The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman* pleases, entertains and elevates; as an imparte of historic information and knowledge, it incites to thought and intelligent action. Whether as literature of pleasure or of study, the work deserves the broader field of the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, hereby afforded to it; and inversely, the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, entitled to the best, and none too good, that the Movements in other languages produce, can not but profit by the work, hereby rendered accessible to them.

DANIEL DE LEON.

New York, January 1, 1904.

PART I.

THE FEUDAL CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SERFS OF PLOUERNEL.

The day touched its close. The autumn sun cast its last rays upon one of the villages of the seigniory of Plouernel. A large number of partly demolished houses bore testimony to having been recently set on fire during one of the wars, frequent during the eleventh century, between the feudal lords of France. The walls of the huts of the village, built in pisé, or of stones held together with clayish earth, were cracked or blackened by the flames. There were still in sight, half burnt out, the rafters of the roofings, replaced by a few poles wrapped in bundles of furze or reed-grass.

The aspect of the serfs, just returned from the fields, was no less wretched than that of their hovels. Wan, emaciated, barely dressed in rags, they huddled together, trembling and uneasy. The bailiff, justiciary of the seigniory, had just arrived at the village, accompanied with five or six armed men. Presently, to the number of about three hundred, the serfs gathered around him, a fellow so ill disposed towards the poor, that, to his name of Garin, the nick-name "Serf-eater" had been attached. This dreaded man wore a leather casque furnished with ribs of iron, and a coat of goatskin like his shoes. A long sword hung by his side. He was astride a reddish-brown horse, that looked as savage as its master. Men on foot, variously armed, who made up the escort of Garin the Serf-eater, kept watch over several serfs, bound hands and feet, who were brought in prisoners from other localities. Not far from them lay stretched on the ground a wretched fellow, fearfully mutilated, hideous and horrible to behold. His eyes were knocked in, his feet and hands cut off—common punishment for rebels. This unfortunate being, hardly covered in rags, the stumps of his arms and legs wrapped in dirty bandages, was waiting for some of his companions in misery, back from the fields, to find time to transport him upon the litter which he shared with the beasts of burden. Blind, and without hands or feet, he found himself thrown upon the charity of his fellows, who now ten years helped him to eat and drink. Other serfs of Normandy and Brittany, had, at the time of the revolt against their lords, been blinded, mutilated like this wretched fellow, and left upon the spot of their punishment to perish in the tortures of hunger.

When the people of the village were gathered on the place, Garin the Serf-eater pulled a parchment out of his pocket and read as follows:

"Witness the order of the very high and very mighty Neroweg VI, lord of the county of Plouernel, by the grace of God. All his serfs and bondsmen, subject to mortmain and taille at his pleasure and mercy, are taxed by the will of the said lord count to pay into his treasury four copper sous per head before the last day of this month at the latest." The serfs, threatened with this fresh exaction, could not restrain their lamentations. Garin the Serf-eater rolled over the assemblage a wrathful eye and proceeded: "If the said sum of four copper pieces per head is not paid before the expiration of the time fixed, it will please the said high and mighty lord Neroweg VI, Count of Plouernel, to cause certain serfs to be seized, and they will be punished, or hanged by his prevost from his seigniorial gibbets. Neither the annual tax, nor the regular dues, is to be lowered in the least by this extraordinary levy of four sous of copper, which is intended to indemnify our said lord for the losses caused by the recent war which his neighbor, the Sire of Castel-Redon, declared against him."

The bailiff descended from his horse to speak to one of the men in his escort. Several serfs muttered to one another: "Where is Fergan? He alone would have the courage to humbly remonstrate with the bailiff that we are wretched, that the taxes, the services, the regular and the extraordinary dues are crushing us, and that it will be impossible for us to pay this tax."

"Fergan must have remained behind in the quarry where he cuts stone," remarked another serf.

Presently, the bailiff continued to read as follows: "Lord Gonthram, eldest son of the very noble, very high and very mighty Neroweg VI, Count of Plouernel, having attained his eighteenth year, and being of knight's age, there shall be paid to him, according to the custom of Plouernel, one denier by each serf and villein of the domain, in honor and to the glory of the knighthood of the said Lord Gonthram. Payment to be made this month."

"Still more!" murmured several of the serfs with bitterness; "it is fortunate that our lord has no daughter, we would some day have to pay taxes in honor of her marriage, as we shall have to pay them in honor of the knighthood of the sons of Neroweg VI. May God have mercy upon us."

"Pay, my God! but wherewith?" interjected another serf in a low voice. "Oh, it is a great pity that Fergan is not around to speak for us."

The bailiff having finished his reading, beckoned to a serf named Peter the Lame. Peter was not lame; but his father, by reason of that infirmity had received the nick-name which his son preserved. He advanced trembling before Garin the Serf-eater. "This is the third Sunday that you have not brought your bread to be baked at the seigniorial oven," said the bailiff; "nevertheless you have eaten bread these three weeks, seeing you are alive."

"Master Garin . . . my misery is such . . ."

"You have had the impudence to have your bread baked under the ashes, you survy beggar!"

"Oh, good Master Garin, our village was set on fire and sacked by the men of the Sire of Castel-Redon; the little clothing that we had has been burnt or pillaged; our cattle stolen or driven off; our crops devastated during the war. Have mercy upon us!"

"I am talking to you about oven and not about war! You owe three deniers oven-dues; you shall pay three more as a fine."

"Six deniers! Poor me! Six deniers! And where do you expect me to find so much money?"

"I know your tricks, knaves that you are! You have hiding places, where you bury your deniers. Will you pay, yes or no, you earth-worm? Answer immediately!"

"We have not one obole . . . the people of the Sire of Castel-Redon have left us only our eyes to weep over our disaster!"

Garin raised his shoulders and made a sign to one of the men in his suite. This one then took from his belt a coil of rope, and approached Peter the Lame. The serf stretched out his

hands to the man-at-arms: "Take me prisoner, if it pleases you to, I do not own a single denier. It will be impossible for me to satisfy you."

"That's just what we are about to ascertain," replied the bailiff; and, while one of his men bound the hands of Peter the Lame without his offering the slightest resistance, another took from a pouch suspended from his belt some touch-wood, a tinder-box and a sulphurated wick, which he lighted. Garin the Serf-eater, turning to Peter the Lame, who, at the sight of these preparations began to grow pale, said: "They will place this lighted wick between your two thumbs; if you have a hiding place where you bury your deniers, your pain will make you speak. Go ahead."

The serf answered not a word. His teeth chattered with fear. He fell upon his knees before the bailiff, stretching out to him his two bound hands in supplication. Suddenly a young girl jumped out of the group of the villagers. Her feet were bare, and for only cover she had a coarse skirt on. She was called Pierrine the Goat because, like her sheep, she was savage and fond of rugged solitudes. Her thick black hair hid her savage face, burnt by the sun. Approaching the bailiff without lowering her eyes, she said bluntly to him: "I am the daughter of Peter the Lame; if you want to torture someone, leave my father and take me."

"The wick!" impatiently called out Garin the Serf-eater to his men, without either looking at or listening to Pierrine the Goat. "The wick! And hurry up! Night approaches." Peter the Lame, despite his cries, despite the heart-rending entreaties of his daughter, was thrown upon the ground and held down by the men of the bailiff. The torture of the serf was conducted in sight of his companions in misery, who were brutalized with terror, and by the habit of serfdom. Peter uttered fearful imprecations; Pierrine the Goat no longer screamed, no longer implored the tormentors of her father. Motionless, pale, sombre, her eyes fixed and drowned with tears, she alternately bit her fists in mute rage, and murmured: "If I only knew where his hiding-place was, I would tell it."

At last, Peter the Lame, vanquished by pain, said to his daughter in a broken voice: "Take the hoe, run to our field; raise up the earth at the foot of the large elm; you will there find nine deniers in a piece of hollow wood." Then, casting upon the bailiff a look of despair, the serf added: "That's my whole treasure, Sire Garin; I'm now ruined!"

"Oh, I was certain that you had a hiding place"; and turning to his men: "Stop the torture; one of you follow this girl and bring back the money. Let her not be lost sight of."

Pierrine the Goat went off quickly, followed by one of the men-at-arms, after having cast upon Garin a furtive and ferocious look. The serfs, terrified, silent, hardly dared to look at one another, while Peter, uttering plaintive moans, despite his punishment having ceased, murmured while he wept hot tears: "Oh, how shall I be able to till the ground with my poor hands wounded and sore!"

Accidentally the bailiff caught sight of the blind serf, mutilated of his four limbs. Pointing at the unhappy being, he cried out in a threatening voice:

"Profit by that example, ye people of the glebe! Behold how they are treated who dare rebel against their lords. Are you, or are you not subject to trials at the pleasure and mercy of your lord?"

"Oh, yes, we are serfs, Master Garin," replied the wretches, "we are serfs at the mercy of our master!"

"Seeing you are serfs, you and your race, why always stingy, cheating and pilfering on the taxes? How often have I not caught you in fraud and at fault. The one sharpens his plow-share without notifying me, that he may purloin the denier due to the seigniory every time he sharpens his scythe; the other pretends he is free from the horn-dues under the false claim that he owns no horned cattle; others carry their audacity to the point of marrying in a neighboring seigniory; and so on, any number of enormities! Must you, then, miserable fellows, be reminded that you belong to your lord in life and death, body and goods? Must it be repeated to you that all there is of you belongs to him—the hair on your heads, the nails on your fingers, the skin on your vile carcasses, everything, including the virginity of your daughters?"

"Oh, good Master Garin," an old serf, named by reason of his subtlety, Martin the Prudent, ventured without daring to raise his eyes, "oh, we know it; the priests repeat to us incessantly that we belong, soul, body and goods, to the lords whom the will of God sets over us. But there are those who say . . . oh, it is not we who dare to say aught . . . things contrary to these declarations."

"And who is it dares contradict our holy priests? Give me the name of the infidel, the rashling."

"It is Fergan the Quarryman."

"Where is that knave, that miscreant? Why is he not here among you?"

"He must have remained cutting stone at his quarry," put in a timid voice; "he never quits work until dark."

"And what is it that Fergan the Quarryman says? Let's see how far his audacity goes," replied the bailiff.

"Master Garin," the old serf went on to say, "Fergan recognizes that we are serfs of our lord, that we are compelled to cultivate for his benefit the fields where it has pleased him to settle us forever, us and our children. Fergan says that we are bound to labor, to plant, to gather in the harvests on the lands of the castle, to mount guard at the strongholds of the seigniory and to defend it."

"We know the rights of the seigniory. But what else does Fergan say?"

"Fergan pretends that the taxes imposed upon us increase unceasingly, and that, after having paid our dues in products, the little we can draw from our harvests is insufficient to satisfy the ever new demands of our lord. Oh, dear Master Garin, we drink water, we are clad in rags, for only nourishment we have chestnuts, berries, and, when in luck, a little bread of barley or oats."

"What!" exclaimed the bailiff in a threatening voice, "you have all the good things, and yet you dare complain!"

"No, no, Master Garin," replied the frightened serfs, "no, we do not complain! We are on the road to Paradise!"

"If, occasionally, we suffer a little, it is all the better for our salvation, as the parish priest tells us. We shall enjoy the pleasures of the next world."

"We do not complain. It is only Fergan who spoke that way the other day. We listened to him, but without approving his words."

"And we even found great fault with him for holding such language," added old Martin the Prudent, all in a tremble. "We are satisfied with our lot. We venerate, we love our lord,

Neroweg VI, and also his helpful bailiff, Garin. May God preserve them long."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the serfs in chorus, "that's the truth, the pure truth!"

"Vile slaves!" roared the bailiff in a rage mixed with disdain, "cowardly knaves! You basely lick the hand that scourges you. Don't I know that, among yourselves, you call the noble Lord Neroweg VI 'Worse than a Wolf,' and me, his helpful bailiff, 'Serf-eater!' These are our nick-names."

"Upon our eternal salvation, Master Garin, it is not we who have given you that nick-name, Master Garin."

"By my beard! We propose to deserve our surnames. Yes, Neroweg VI will be 'worse than a wolf' to you, you pack of idlers, thieves and traitors! And, as for me, I will eat you to the bone, villeins or serfs, if you try to cheat your lord of his rights. As to Fergan, that smooth talker, I'll come across him some other day, and I feel it in my bones that he will yet make acquaintance with the gibbet of the seigniory of Plouernel. He will be hanged high and dry!"

"And we will not pity him, dear and good Master Garin. Let Fergan be accursed, if he has dared to speak ill of you and of our venerated lord!" answered the frightened serfs.

At this moment, Pierrine the Goat returned, accompanied by the man-at-arms, who had been charged by the bailiff to disinter the treasure of Peter the Lame. The young serf had a somber and wilder look, her tears had dried, but her eyes shot lightning. Twice she threw her thick black hair back from her forehead with her left hand, as she held her right hand behind her. She drew nearer to the bailiff step by step, while the man-at-arms, delivering to Garin a round piece of hollow wood, said: "It contains nine copper deniers, but four of them are not of the mintage of our Lord Neroweg VI."

"Foreign coin in the seigniory! And yet I have forbidden you to accept any under penalty of the whip!"

"Oh, Master Garin," explained Peter the Lame, still lying on the ground, and crying at the sight of his lacerated hands, "the foreign merchants who pass, and who occasionally buy a pig, a calf or a sheep, frequently have none but coin minted in other seigniories. What are we to do? If we refuse to sell the little we have, where are we to find the money to pay the taxes with?"

The bailiff placed the deniers of Peter the Lame in a large leather pouch, and answered the serf: "You owe six deniers; among these nine pieces there are four of foreign coinage; I confiscate them. There remain five deniers of this seigniory. I take them on account. You will give me the sixth when you pay the next taxes. If you don't, look out!"

"I propose to pay now!" shrieked Pierrine the Goat, striking the bailiff full in the face with a large stone that she had picked up on the road. Garin lost his balance with the violence of the blow, and the blood ran down his face; but he promptly recovered from the shock, and, rushing furiously upon the young serf, threw her down, trampled under foot, and, half drawing his sword, was on the point of despatching her, when, recollecting himself, he said to his men: "Bind her fast; take her to the castle; her eyes will be put out to-night; and, at dawn to-morrow, she shall be hanged from the patibular forks."

"The punishment of Pierrine the Goat will be well merited," exclaimed the serfs, hoping to turn away from themselves the wrath of Garin the Serf-eater. "Bad luck to the accursed girl! She has spilled the blood of the good bailiff of our glorious seigneur! Let her be punished as she deserves!"

"You are a set of cowards!" cried Pierrine the Goat, her face and breast bruised and bleeding from the blows that Garin had given her while trampling on her. Then, turning to Peter the Lame, who was sobbing but dared not defend his daughter, or raise his voice to implore mercy for her, she said: "Adieu; tomorrow you will see ravens circling on the side of the seigniorial gibbet; they will be the living shroud of your daughter"; and showing her fists to the dismayed serfs, she went on: "Cowards! You are three hundred, and you are afraid of six men-at-arms! There is among you all but one man truly brave; that's Fergan!"

WEEKLY PEOPLE

2, 4 and 6 New Roads St., New York.
P. O. Box 1576. Tel. 129 Franklin.Published every Saturday by the
Socialist Labor Party.

Handle rates: Less than 100 copies, 1 cent a copy; 100 to 500 copies, 1/2 cent a copy; 500 or more, 1/4 cent a copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the New
York postoffice, July 12, 1900.As far as possible, rejected communica-
tions will be returned, if so desired, and
stamps are enclosed.SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED
STATES.

In 1886.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	35,564
In 1900.....	34,191
IN 1902.....	53,617

Socialism is not a long way off—a
vision in the dim and distant future.
It is just as near as we will it to be.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Happy New Year!" is the cry now on every tongue and lip. On all sides the holiday greeting is heard, and it is carelessly echoed, seldom with so much as a thought on the chances of its being fulfilled. In the midst of the reckless well-wishing, let the thoughtful pause and consider what the prospects and promise are for this new year, if 1904 is to be, for the proletarians, a really happy one.

Many and several are the tendencies in the economic world that must be taken into account.

First there is the tendency of machinery to become ever more perfect; and in the ratio that it perfects itself, to reduce, first, the number of men required, and later, the skill required of them.

Secondly, the tendency, a direct result of the first, for the ranks of the employed to contain fewer and fewer men and an ever increasing number of women and children, while the ranks of the unemployed are swelled by the now useless fathers and husbands.

There is the tendency toward ignorance among the masses, owing to the depopulation of our schools. Younger and younger children are each year compelled to lay aside the book for the tool; while every year a greater number of the most needy are left without school-room, because of criminally insufficient accommodations.

There is the tendency toward physical decline. The long hours, the intensity of labor, the insufficient respite for meals, and the adulterated poisons which the masses are forced to buy as food are having their effect. Uncle Sam is now the greatest consumer of patent medicines in the world. Born of fathers whose days are refreshed by visits to the tonic-bottle, and of mothers whose days, even at critical periods, are passed amid the whirr of steam sewing-machines or cotton looms, if not at still more arduous toil, the future generation bids fair to excel the present in the number of physical culture schemers which it will support.

To cap the climax, and intensify all the miseries caused by the preceding tendencies, there is the cost of living advancing with seven league boots, so that it is now estimated at 38 per cent. higher than it was eight years ago.

These are only tendencies, or the chronic disease. The country is now on, if not already over, the verge of an acute attack the like of which it has never experienced. An industrial crisis has been slowly gathering, and is now about to break out with terrific malignancy, affecting every part and organ of our body social. Every day brings in fresh reports of failures, bankruptcies, lock-outs, wage-reductions and—as the most natural, though most terrible results—suicides. Looking at these facts, the anticipations for the new year would seem anything but cheering.

But it always is darkest before dawn. If there were no remedy for this crushing evil, if there were none skillful enough to apply it, the outlook would indeed be black. But, fortunately, there is a remedy; though no one person can apply it in unison—at the ballot box, patiently instructing all men how to. That teacher is the Socialist Labor Party; the remedy is Socialism! When the Party's work shall have been done, when all the laborers of this broad land shall be gathered beneath that standard, then rotting wealth and pinching want, "prosperity" foods and industrial crises will be at an end forever; the workers will know the remedy and the means to

apply it in unison—at the ballot box, backed by resolute hearts to enforce the decree of their suffrage.

The men of the S. L. P. and her sister organization, the S. T. & L. A., are everywhere girding up their loins for the struggle. From ocean to ocean are flying words of cheer, hope, and encouragement. Comrades, grown old in the service, are clearing the way for their younger brethren. Preparations are being made for a more active and unremitting propaganda; and all over the land, voices are ascending on this New Year's day, that the present system of slavery shall die.

So again, this time soberly and with a depth of meaning, the Socialist Labor Party cries out:

"A Happy New Year, ye Proletarians of America!"

HERE AND THERE.

Elsewhere in this issue, the review of the Dresden Congress—long delayed by reason of the delay of the official report of the Congress in arriving—will be found at last, yet not too late. As times grow hotter, a correct and either way dispassionate estimate of things is as essential for safety as for progress.

None but the visionary—that dangerous element at all critical times, the present above all, and upon whom the warning, drawn by Marx and Engels from the disaster of the Paris Commune, is lost—will feel disheartened at the picture that the review unveils. The thinking element whose thought and activity the Socialist Labor Party is enlisting, who are training themselves for the man's work, that is at hand, and to whom the materialist conception of historic evolution is no hollow phrase, but a living, guiding Truth, will only gather strength from its contemplation.

The German Social Democracy is doing brilliantly, the best it can—but that best is not Socialism. As outlined in the review, the path of "Reform" that it treads is imperative. No fault may be found with it for having abandoned that of "Revolution," least of all for clinging, as it does, to its Socialist reminiscences and thus to an appearance not warranted by the facts. If fault is at all to be found, it is on the score of its leaders failing to post themselves upon America, to recognize that leadership has passed from Germany, and thus to aid rather than retard the Movement in America. But men, facing the arduous task set to the German Social Democracy, and staggering under the alp of their feudal monarchy, may not be criticized too rigidly.

On the other hand the review will serve to cover with shame the motley, who, parading in America under the stolen feathers of Socialism, as the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party, are deporting themselves like Indians who have found a watch, and, in the instinctive consciousness of their own weakness, seek for support abroad, though by doing so their conduct could ONLY TEND TO HOLD BACK THE MOVEMENT EVERYWHERE ELSE through the lowering of its tone here, where differently from all other nations, the path for the Revolutionary Movement has been paved smooth by the utter overthrow of the last vestiges of feudalism, and where no geographic complications exist to retard our march, or lame our blows.

Accordingly, the review—where every fact of importance is furnished by the official report itself of the Dresden Congress—will serve to quicken the pulse of the militant Socialist Labor Party, that, alive to the mission placed by economic and political evolution in the hands of the people of America, never has trailed the banner of the Socialist Revolution, and never will; and that, placed by social and political evolution at the post of danger, at the vanguard of the Revolution, will be true to itself and its trust, and, however the shots may rain, fight the battle upon which depends, not only our own, but the emancipation of our less favored and favorably situated fellow-men of other lands and other climes.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

"There you have it!" we imagine some one or other say when he hears the Socialists point to the recent disastrous fire of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago as another count in the indictment of capitalism. "There you have it! The Socialists can see nothing but Socialism. Whatever accident happens, straight they charge it to capitalism!" If ever appearances justified the criticism, it is in this instance. And yet the Socialist charge is correct, in this instance as well. Yes, the calamity of the Iroquois Theatre is a capitalist crime. Breaking through the crust of external appear-

ances, the Chicago hecatomb points its gory fingers to an economic feature that is essentially capitalistic.

No sane man will deny that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families;" no intelligent man will gainsay the human proclivity to negligence. The chapter of "accidents" is inexhaustible. Making ample allowance for all that, is that the sum total of the Iroquois Theatre lesson? No; of itself, that would be trifling. Below all that lies something else—the real cause of the disaster, an economic feature special to capitalism that helps strew its path with disasters.

No industrial system, of the several that preceded the present, reached so deeply, as does capitalism, in revolutionizing and improving the methods of production, nor proceeded so swiftly, nor extended its progressive influence so widely. And yet, parallel with that fact is this other; in the instance of no other industrial system have antiquated methods and tools been clung to so tenaciously.

To give an amusing illustration: In this city of New York, the metropolis of the nation, and in these days, one would say, of universal electricity, there are still seen dingy, slow-poking horse-tramways! The illustration suggests a number of others; all of them, in turn, point to this economic fact: Under capitalism the tool of production is there to knock off profits with; and seeing itself is a deposit of capital, it is stuck to as long as a copper can be wrung out of it. As a consequence, the human race is kept, not abreast of its inventive powers, but behind: valuable improvements and inventions are kept locked in the private vaults of individual capitalists, so as to afford them time to recover the full outlay made in the now antiquated machinery that they operate, and that would become just so much junk the moment the improved tool were set in operation: as a final consequence, we have the continued, and now avoidable danger to life and limb that accompanies most industries, and that periodically shock the mind in reports of "cave-ins," "explosions," etc., etc., and in such disasters as this one at Chicago.

There is, to-day, no excuse whatever for any but a determined suicide to be burned up in a theatre fire. Inventions galore there are whereby walls can be made fireproof and the inside of theatres absolutely incombustible. Chemical discoveries exist whereby necessary materials, such as wood, ropes, costumes, drapery and even paper—otherwise combustible—can be made as impervious to flame as sheet iron. And, as if to make assurance doubly sure, there is not, to-day, in these days of dynamos, any occasion whatever for the presence of fire in any shape within the precincts of public or crowded buildings. The Iroquois Theatre neglected all these precautions, or, to put it more in accord with the economic motive, the Iroquois Theatre, a private venture for profit, was bent upon knocking off all the profits it could on its now antiquated outfit—just as coal mine owners and other private concerns do with their antiquated methods; and, just as these, and for identical reasons, the Iroquois Theatre put human life in jeopardy and sacrificed it, rather than forego the hope of recouping itself by stepping forward abreast of the genius of the age.

Coolly, intelligently scanned, the horrors of the Iroquois Theatre are but a microscopic illustration of the chronic, continuous and mammoth horrors that capitalist economies afflict the human race with.

Stamp out the plague!

TRYING TO "STICK" EACH OTHER.

The present attitude of the Democratic and the Republican wings of capitalism, at the very threshold of a presidential election, should not escape notice. It tells plainly of the economic and political quackery of both, and what the workingmen have to expect from either.

A crisis, financial and industrial, is at hand. Every man who is posted and has no personal purposes to subserve knows it, and says so. The facts graphically leaped from Mr. Hanna's lips at the private banquet, reported in these columns, when he declared soup-houses would soon be seen in all the industrial centers; and these views, almost literally, are reappearing in the press in all manner of connections. What, under such circumstances, would be the attitude of real statesmen, men of skill and feeling? They would, to the extent of their lights, seek to cope with the threatened storm, and each holding his own diagnosis correct and his methods best, would be moral to the core. Then would it really be the great moral force which the philosophers and the friends

order to steer it into port. Not so with the Republicans and Democratic chieftains. While fatuous and vainglorious individuals in the camp of each are seeking to "get there," the two organizations and those that run them are "playing shy." The astute Democratic leaders prefer to be defeated at the next presidential election, because of the hard times that they foresee are then due, and they do not wish the Democracy to get the blame for, as it would were it in power; and, in their turn, the astute leaders of the Republican party are getting ready to "ride for a fall" wishing to escape being in power during the crisis they likewise foresee and, if in power, would be held responsible for. The only enthusiasm noticeable among the two sets of managers is in behalf of some candidate of the opposing camp. Each wishes to see the other stuck.

There is no difference between these capitalists, on the one hand, and the ignorant superstitious sachems of barbarians, on the other, who stood impotently by during pestilential outbreaks or astronomical convulsions. As the latter looked upon these visitations as "natural" and as "punishments" inflicted by God, so do the former, regard these periodic devastations of men and their homes as "inevitable," and have nothing better to think of than to manoeuvre as to "stick" each other's competitor, duck and let the storm blow over.

Not from the capitalist camp has the Working Class anything to hope for. Its hope must be in itself. Not till it overthrows the mischievous system of capitalist society can it be rid of the epidemics of crises, alternated by chronic poverty and degradation. Our present masters are political quacks.

NORDAU AND IMPERIALISM.

Max Nordau, the well-known social philosopher, in an interview just published, expresses great distress over the growth of imperialism in the United States. He declares imperialism is causing this country to degenerate, instead of becoming a great moral force, and regards the outcome with some misgivings.

Nordau, no doubt, is right. His anti-imperialistic feelings and views are

shared by many in this country. He has the sympathy of a large part of these. He has also the defects of their reasoning. Like them, Nordau views American imperialism from a political instead of an economic standpoint. This leads to all sorts of fallacies.

The United States does not rush into world affairs merely in order to acquire the political domination of foreign lands. The United States rushes into world affairs primarily to secure the economic domination of foreign markets. It needs these in order to maintain its commercial position, without which its existence as a nation would be endangered. The United States, impelled by the necessity of getting rid of the surplus products, which, owing to the robbery of the working class by means of surplus value, cannot be consumed in its own markets, must expand or burst; and, in order to protect its home market from destruction, an event which would be equal to piling up its surplus products, the United States must secure control of countries like Cuba, some of whose industries threaten, by their competition, to work such destruction.

The United States, as a matter of capitalist safety, cannot give free trade to Cuba, nor can it relinquish its hold on the Philippines, the gateway to the vast new and undeveloped markets of China, with their 500,000,000 beings who can be converted into purchasers. The protection of domestic markets and the greater development of production over consumption makes it imperative that the capitalist class of the United States maintain imperialism at the present excessive cost. Such cost will be as heavy to the capitalist class as that which would have to be paid were the commercial outlets of the United States closed; for such a condition of affairs would provoke industrial stagnation, disorder and discontent, all of which would, most likely, bring about the downfall of the American capitalist class and American capitalism.

Nordau, and those who believe as he does, fail to strike at the cause of this necessity. They are battling with effects, not causes. With the necessity for foreign markets removed, with the capitalist robbery of surplus value gone, the United States would be truly incapable of degeneracy, for then it would be moral to the core. Then would it really be the great moral force

which the philosophers and the friends

of humanity have always hoped it would be.

But the Nordaus, especially those of this country, will not part with capitalism; they will not remove the necessity. They will persist in adhering to capitalism, to keep that necessity alive, believing that the logical outgrowths of capitalist development can be other than the putrid things they are. Let them then stand the consequences of their folly without complaint. To the Socialist alone is it wisely and truly given to combat imperialism by removing its necessity through the substitution of Socialism for capitalism. Through the replacement of the robber capitalist system by the Socialist co-operative system, in which the producer will receive to the full value of his product and be in a position to purchase it back; in which, consequently, surplus products and the necessity for foreign markets and foreign domination will be unknown.

The Socialist is the only true anti-imperialist.

According to a despatch from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the leaders of the United Mine Workers this week began a vigorous stirring up of the mine workers who are losing interest in the union, and the fact that this augurs defeat for 1906 is being forced home in speeches before the various locals. Mass meetings have been arranged all through the region, and the men are to be told that the very noticeable lack of interest, non-payment of dues and non-attendance at meetings threaten to defeat all the projects of the union.

The men are told that when the present three years' agreement ends, in 1906, the companies intend to force a reduction in wages and that unless the organization is kept up there will be no chance of gaining the additional advance for which the miners hope. Some of the speakers have already declared in favor of demanding a 20 per cent. advance and promise the miners they will get it if they continue to strengthen the organization.

It is noticeable that in this agitation no stress is laid on the gains alleged to have been won in the last strike. Threats of reductions and demands for advances are the appeals used, and not the work accomplished. This, together with the necessity for such an agitation, is certainly a damaging commentary on the "victory" claimed to have been won by Mitchell and arbitration.

The import figures for the port of New York, covering the year 1903, about to be forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington, show an increase of \$21,200,000 over those of 1902. The most remarkable feature of this increase is the fact that it is more than made up by the increase in the importation of diamonds, gems, and other luxuries, which show a gain of \$27,500,000, or \$6,300,000 more than the total gain for 1903. In other words imports at the port of New York for 1903, if diamonds, gems and other luxuries are excluded, actually show a decrease of \$6,300,000. The phenomenal increase in the importation of diamonds, gems and other luxuries, is held to be an indication of prosperity. The mood that the two come together in not that of "bargaining reasonably." But again unable to agree, and again inspired by a breath of Inventor Newcomb, the two agree to again consult statistics and the economic law of the market. The still larger supply of chops in the pork chop market—due to perfected means of butchering, transportation, etc., coupled with the economic law that an increased supply implies a decreased exchange value, brings our pork chop to a reasonable frame of mind, again greatly aided thereto by the thought that, if it sell not, it rots. The reasonable bargain is again struck, and paying a still smaller price than the month before, the would-be purchaser carries it home, and utilizes the use value of the pork chop.

As with one article of merchandise, so with all—including, of course, labor-power, the only merchandise that the workingman has to dispose of, a merchandise, moreover, which being inseparable from his own body, means himself.

There, then, is our merchandise Labor—spread like any pork chop on the butcher's counter, hung like any quarter of beef from the butcher's hook—inviting a seller in the Labor Market. It is an "unreasonable" merchandise; it craves the earth and the fullness thereof; and from the other side there approaches the would-be purchaser, the capitalist, who, like all purchasers, strains for low prices. A "reasonable bargaining together" is out of question while the two continue in that frame of mind. But they do not. They "reasonably bargain together." In the course of the process, the merchandise Labor undergoes the same illumination that the pork chop experience. Statistics prove to it, like they did to its pork chop fellow merchandise, and to a dot, that its supply is greatly in excess of the demand, due to perfected and privately owned labor-displacing machinery; and the economic law of the market demonstrates to the merchandise Labor, like it did to its fellow merchandise pork chop, that a large supply implies a correspondingly low rate of exchange value. Down goes the merchandise Labor's great hopes and aspirations, urged downward by the identical consideration that urged thither the expectations of the merchandise pork chop—"If I sell not I rot!" And thus the process proceeds from year to year, ever newer and more perfect and more concentrated privately owned means of production displacing ever larger swarms of Labor, and thereby raising the supply of the merchandise ever higher in the Labor market.

It is unreasonable for an article of merchandise to seek to escape the consequences of its status. Labor, made by the capitalist class and their labor-tenants to vote itself into the status of merchandise, and to keep itself there, has all along "reasonably bargained together" with the capitalist purchaser—witness the wealth the latter is gorged with, witness the lowering of earnings and ever more pinching poverty of Labor.

The export figures for 11 months of 1903 have just been made public by the Department of Commerce and Labor. They show an increase over those of 1902 for the same months. They give the lie to the assertion that the high wages demanded by labor has made export prohibitive.

Financiers report the outlook for 1904 good. The working class has yet to be heard from, but judging from the wage decreases, etc., its outlook is bad.

LO, AN INVENTION!

Great is Mr. H. T. Newcomb, the vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. At a meeting of his Association, held on December 28 at St. Louis the gentleman delivered a speech in the course of which he launched an invention on the field of the Labor Question with a deal less modest than Roentgen launched his discovery of the X rays on the field of physical science. Inventor Newcomb sketched the troubled waters of modern society. Analyzing several of the proposed remedies—"compulsory arbitration" and "voluntary arbitration"—he justly discarded both, the former as offensive, the latter as being both self-contradictory, and then he trotted forth his remedy or invention. It is this:

"Men must learn to bargain together reasonably."

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSURED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS. BEHOLD THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

A CARD FROM THE BRAUER ZEITUNG.

Weekly People, New York City:—The statement in last week's People relative to the brewery workers' delegation as having cast their vote for the re-election of Gompers is wrong. The assertion of your correspondent to wit:

"When Delegate Ward, of the Brewery Workers' Union, cast the vote of that organization for Gompers there was an outburst of applause, owing to the fact that the union had been beaten in its contest yesterday."

This was not substantiated by the official proceedings (see page 7 in twelfth day's proceedings, where you will find that the brewery workers' delegation—Kemper, Gaestel, Zapp—cast their vote for Kreft, while Ward did not vote at all, being absent).

Your "Letter Box" note, answering a reader in Cincinnati, is, therefore, also incorrect, and I hope you will do justice in correcting the error, and not allow the enemies to denounce things of that sort "another Daily People lie."—Brauer Zeitung, Dec. 28, 1903.

THE RESULT OF THE POLICE PERSECUTION OF PIERSON.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—For the week's work just ended I will say that, with the assistance of the local comrades, I succeeded in getting 28 subscriptions to The Weekly and 2 to The Monthly People.

Our agitation meetings were a success from every point of view. We held the first meeting last Tuesday night on the main plaza. Comrades Leitner, Pollard and myself addressed the crowd, which numbered about 300. We sold 24 books and got one subscription to The Weekly People.

The next meeting was held last (Saturday) night. The crowd that attended was the largest that ever assembled on a street corner in this city. I opened the meeting and Comrade Leitner followed, and made what was considered on all sides the cleverest and most logical talk ever made on Socialism in this city.

After announcing the literature on hand, we waded into the crowd and succeeded in selling 30 books and distributing a good quantity of leaflets and copies of The Monthly People.

Will leave to-day for El Paso, and hope for continued success.

Yours for the S. L. P.,

Charles Pierson.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 27, 1903.

OPEN LETTER TO PROF. TEDESCHI.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I am obliged to appeal to that fearless champion of the working class, The Daily and Weekly People, for space for the following open letter to Prof. Tedeschi, editor of "Il Proletario," official organ of the Italian Socialist Federation.

W. Hoboken, Dec. 29, 1903. E. J. G.

W. Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 29, 1903.

Prof. Tedeschi, editor of "Il Proletario": Dear Sir—In the issue of "Il Proletario" of December 13 you made a statement to the effect that you had a perfect right to express your views in reference to the Socialist Movement in America, and those views as every one knows, are in favor of the S. D. P.

You justified your action by stating that the columns of "Il Proletario" were also open to those whose views were contrary to yours. I therefore made up my mind to reply to an article published in the "Proletario," and signed by G. M. Parassio (alias G. M. Serratti), in which he doomed the S. D. P. as a bona fide Socialist party, because they were in favor of the municipalization of public utilities, and their views on taxation, trade-unions and co-operative enterprises were the same as the views held by the various European Socialist parties.

The communication I sent you was mailed on the 13th inst., but I have, as yet, to see it published. I have, therefore, concluded that you do not intend to publish the same. Now, Prof. Tedeschi, may I ask you a few direct questions?

First, I would like to know if you did not publish it on account of some grammatical mistake?

If so, you must realize that I am not a professor, but merely a workingman, and therefore excusable on that score.

Second, were you afraid that the truth was too plainly stated, and that it would grate upon the nerves of the intellectual? If so, why not say so?

Third, I have been informed by an Italian comrade that my communication was received by you, and the reason you gave for not publishing the same was that my premises were not correct. No doubt, from the standpoint of intellectualism, otherwise known as Kangarooism, your reply must have been correct.

Now, then, Prof. Tedeschi, let me tell you that, although I am only a workingman, nevertheless, I possess sufficient knowledge to distinguish a lie from the truth, and by means of your own statements, above referred to, I do not hesitate to brand you as you deserve, as a professor of lying statistics. Edw. J. Gallo.

THE YULE LOG OF UNCLE SAM.

To the Daily and Weekly People.—Under the head of "The Yule Log of Uncle Sam" the Columbus Citizen of the

24th inst. says:

"One of the earliest remedies of kings and czars and popes for the mitigation of supposed evil was the burning of all the books and manuscripts that might throw the light of intelligence upon current problems."

Then the Citizen goes on asking these questions:

"Has Uncle Sam burned the books? Is the Constitution, if not utterly destroyed, as precious as it was some years ago? Are the Declaration of Independence and the first tidings of freedom which it gave to the human race preserved in their original forms or reduced to ashes? Are we as formerly a nation of freemen destined to give liberty to all who share our bounty, or are we becoming a nation of tyrants, receiving our inspiration from a system of colonialism that makes military slaves abroad and industrial slaves at home?

"There will be many Yule logs burned in this country this Christmas tide—not in the old sense of a limb rent from a monarch of the forest, but in a sense of modern illuminations. Are we not burning the books while we burn the logs? Are we not factiously or gravely gathering around a fire which consumes our national traditions and interests while it celebrates the repudiated doctrine of "Peace on earth, good will toward Men!"

Knowing the Citizen's inclination toward the expiring middle class, we can forgive its reference to "the burning of the Constitution," by simply telling him that this precious thing of years gone by has naturally worn off under the progress of modern industry. No longer is there any need of a Constitution. Since the class of large capitalists has absolute control of States and nation, the interest of this class becomes paramount; while the Constitution is relegated to the lumber room and brought out only in so far as it promotes the interest of that class.

Long may you weep for this precious thing of years gone by; for, like our grandmother's spinning wheel, it belongs to a past age and has gone, never to return.

Let us pass on. The Citizen asks, "Are we as formerly a nation of free men?"

No; we have no longer free access to land and natural resources—access which our ancestors possessed, and from a nation of freemen in the sense quoted above have become, and are now, a nation of wage slaves, ruled by tyrants who receive their inspiration from a system, not of colonialism, but from a system of capitalism that implies colonialism; that makes wage slaves abroad and wage slaves at home.

As for the burning of the books, Charles Pierson's arrest in Galveston, Texas, followed by the publication in the capitalist press throughout the United States (the Citizen included) of a false accusation, started by a set of idiotic officers; the miners' strike in Colorado; the constant harassing by its enemies of The Daily People—the only paper in America that fearlessly throws the light of intelligence upon current problems—are modern instances of "the burning of the books."

Right you are, Citizens, when you say, "There will be many Yule logs burned at this Christmas tide," but not only at this Christmas tide, but every day following for some time to come, for without Yule logs to burn, Citizen, your torch would be useless in the hands of the capitalist class.

Now, then, for "the Declaration of Independence and the first tidings of freedom": They are neither reduced to ashes nor preserved in their original forms; they are preserved and somewhat added to by the working class, the rightful heir of that noble document.

Organized under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party, that class will continue to preserve and cherish it until the tossoff for ultimate freedom has sounded.

O. M. Field, Columbus, Ohio, December 24.

THE ALLIANCE IN LOWELL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—A letter from Robert Smith, a member of Local Alliance 407, S. T. & L. A., Lowell, Mass., tells of the industrial conditions in Lowell and the agitation carried on by the party that stood for the working class—the Socialist Labor Party.

Several questions were asked and answered to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Press Committee.

LAWYER FLEES FROM S. L. P. ARGUMENT.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Local Alliance, 407, S. T. & L. A., Sunday, the 27th inst., voted not to hold an agitation meeting on that date, so William H. Carroll, State Organizer of the S. L. P., who was to speak, and some of the members went to a meeting in Jackson Hall ward committee room.

Comrade Farrell opened the meeting with a few remarks. Lawyer Manning, the principal speaker, gave a speech on taxation and other questions of no benefit to the working class. Carroll followed, making a speech that caused Mr. Parker, a Kang, to take the floor and praise Carroll for the stand he took in favor of the

conditions that are showing themselves just now, will point out to the people that are indifferent that it is only through the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance that they can help to emancipate themselves.

With reference to the meeting held Sunday, Dec. 26, he regrets that an out-

of-town speaker did not show up. He says "we did not allow a little thing like that to bother us." This is very encouraging indeed. I had the pleasure to be present at the meeting on the above date. Unfortunately the day was wet. Nevertheless, there was a fair-sized audience and it was well rewarded for coming. Dana, who was chairman, is a recent addition to Section Lowell. He spoke on classes, showing the economic differences between them.

Mr. Smith was next. He showed how the Alliance fought the American Woolen Co. on the two-loom system. It was well worth hearing. Mr. Smith is a new addition to the movement. Other speakers followed. One of them was Comrade John Farrell, party press agent of Section Lowell. If any of the audience went away without being impressed by Comrade Farrell on the conditions of the working class, he must be prejudiced against the movement or too stupid to learn anything for his own good.

As a member of Section Lowell for the past three and a half years, but not in a position to take a very active part, I thought by January 1, 1904, I might withdraw, and have the burden fall on the shoulders of other comrades that could devote more of their time to it. That was my secret wish for some time and through the good work that State Organizer Carroll did here last fall, I can see the goal of my ambition.

But can any man withdraw from active participation in the work after reading Mr. Smith's letter? I say no. If any member of Section Lowell or any Section in Massachusetts fails to do his duty during the coming Industrial Crisis, which can't be avoided, he is a traitor to his class. If you can't aid the movement financially, speak encouragingly of it. Try and procure subscribers for its press and bring the working people to its agitation meetings and let them learn for themselves. Fraternal greeting from

Thomas A. Rudy.
Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27, 1903.

THE HOMESTRETCH FUND.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Find enclosed \$30 for the Homestretch Fund, from the following: C. Lambert, \$2; Fred Meier, \$3; Dr. S. J. Stewart, \$1; Ernest Hinkelman, \$3; W. Blank, \$3; W. Beavis, \$10; Adolph Anderson, \$3; J. Hodges, \$2.50; Frank Crossman, \$2.50; total, \$30. This makes \$62 to date. We have \$44 more pledged, and a chance to get more yet.

Several of us have been hit hard by the undertow of the receding prosperity but we all know that the revolution from Capitalism to Socialism is the only remedy that will improve the condition of our class. We also know that we must have a fearless, independent press to vanguard our progress in that direction. We know, further, that in order to have such a press we must turn it absolutely. And, finally, we know that when it is necessary to own anything it is now necessary to pay for it. Every dollar given to The Daily People is a dollar's worth of work done by the donor upon the foundation of the Socialist Republic that will redound to eternal benefit of the working class forever.

The past is gone. Through its tribulations the state of affairs as they exist to-day with the time of Rome in her greatness, and showed that our system of government was very similar to what they had then, but science and invention had advanced for the benefit of the capitalist and not the worker, who thought it out and produced it. He referred to the recent famines in India and showed how such calamities could be averted by making use of the improved means of transportation and bringing food into the afflicted territory.

Regarding the unemployed, about whom so much has been said, the speaker was willing to wager that there was not one man in a hundred who would not work if he could get it under proper conditions.

Capitalism was a failure, a system whose keystone is private property, and the majority of the people under it are divorced from the keystone.

The remedy was the collective ownership of the means of production to be accomplished by a revolution, not by force, but by the ballot, in a peaceful manner.

"Trade unions," said the lecturer, "are organized according to crafts. It is necessary for the workers to organize in the interests of their class."

He referred to White of the Garment Workers as an evidence of the wrong principles of trade unions as they are now conducted.

In closing, the speaker urged the workers to become class conscious and stand by the party that stood for the working class—the Socialist Labor Party.

Several questions were asked and answered to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Press Committee.

THE CAPITALIST.

(Written for The Daily People by J. K. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

From the toilers' sweat an idler came, From the workers' brow he robbed, his fame,

From producers' hands his wealth he stole,

In Labor's tears he bathed his soul. Eyes that were shining with bravery.

He darkened with cruel slavery, Stifled true freedom that sought to rise, And turned the laugh of the babe to sighs.

He turned the beauty of work to shame, And set up greed as the highest aim.

The fitters of need he tore apart, And wound them about the toiler's heart.

On the honor of women he set a price, And filled the mind of the youth with vice;

Shattered the crown of equality And raised high the whip of tyranny.

He broke the string of Cupid's bow, And caused the seed of hate to grow.

The eyes of truth he pierced with greed; O'er comforts of home he cast a pall, And let the curtain of sorrow fall.

O'er the sun of peace he spread a cloud, And true joy wrapped in scorn's black shroud.

Now as proud master he rules o'er all, And bends them, slave-like, to his call.

'Neath the lash of want and the spur of pain

The toilers drag his oppressing chain That keeps them bound an idler's slave.

Never leaves them till the open grave.

All this is done—all this, and more, By the capitalist that LABOR bore.

But all are not bending with humble mien—

A band of workers may now be seen Standing erect, with an aspect brave,

Teaching the Truth to each fellow-slave; Calling to all, "Would you Freedom choose—

You've a world to gain and but chains to lose—

Join with the workers who fight to be free,

And be one in the ranks of the S. L. P."

SECTION PAWTUCKET'S OFFICERS.

Section Pawtucket, Pawtucket, R. I., has elected the following officers: Organizer, Robert Webster; secretary, F. Amboin; financial secretary, A. La Voie; treasurer, John Farrell.

THE ALLIANCE IN LOWELL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Local Alliance, 407, S. T. & L. A., Sunday, the 27th inst., voted not to hold an agitation meeting on that date, so William H. Carroll, State Organizer of the S. L. P., who was to speak, and some of the members went to a meeting in Jackson Hall ward committee room.

Comrade Farrell opened the meeting with a few remarks. Lawyer Manning, the principal speaker, gave a speech on taxation and other questions of no benefit to the working class. Carroll followed, making a speech that caused Mr. Parker, a Kang, to take the floor and praise Carroll for the stand he took in favor of the

conditions that are showing themselves just now, will point out to the people that are indifferent that it is only through the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance that they can help to emancipate themselves.

Mr. Smith in his letter says "business has been so dull that it is a hard rub to us. I suppose it is all for the best, as it will show what kind of mettle our men are made of."

From the foregoing, I infer Mr. Smith means that some of the men in the Alliance must be half-hearted about the movement and the present conditions are going to show if they are sincere. Perhaps he means that something like the conditions that are showing themselves just now, will point out to the people that are indifferent that it is only through the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance that they can help to emancipate themselves.

With reference to the meeting held Sunday, Dec. 26, he regrets that an out-

of-town speaker did not show up. He says "we did not allow a little thing like that to bother us." This is very encouraging indeed. I had the pleasure to be present at the meeting on the above date. Unfortunately the day was wet. Nevertheless, there was a fair-sized audience and it was well rewarded for coming. Dana, who was chairman, is a recent addition to the movement. Other speakers followed. One of them was Comrade John Farrell, party press agent of Section Lowell. If any of the audience went away without being impressed by Comrade Farrell on the conditions of the working class, he must be prejudiced against the movement or too stupid to learn anything for his own good.

As a member of Section Lowell for the past three and a half years, but not in a position to take a very active part, I thought by January 1, 1904, I might withdraw, and have the burden fall on the shoulders of other comrades that could devote more of their time to it. That was my secret wish for some time and through the good work that State Organizer Carroll did here last fall, I can see the goal of my ambition.

But can any man withdraw from active participation in the work after reading Mr. Smith's letter? I say

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 246 New Roads street, New York.
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, C. L. Weitzel, 2026 Davis street, London, Ont.
NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 246 New Roads street, New York City. (The Party's literary agency.)
Notice—For technical reasons no Party announcements can go in that are not in this issue by Tuesday, 10 p. m.

A CALL.

To the Sections of the Socialist Labor Party—Greeting:

In accordance with Article VII, Section 3, of the Party constitution, you are herewith called upon to make nominations for the place where the national convention of the Socialist Labor Party for 1904 is to be held. The nominations made must be reported to the undersigned not later than February 10, 1904, and will then be submitted to a general vote of the Party membership.

Organizers of Sections will please see to it that this call is read at the next regular meeting of their respective Sections, and that the nominations made are promptly reported to headquarters.

The Section being the unit of organization, each Section can nominate but one city. There is no need of reporting the vote cast; the simple statement that the Section places in nomination a certain city is sufficient.

For the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.

Henry Kuhn, National Secretary, New York, Jan. 2, 1904.

New York, Jan. 2, 1904. Secretaries of State Executive Committees, take notice!

Your attention is herewith called to Article VII, Sections 2 and 3, of the Party constitution, which read as follows:

Article VII, Section 2:

"The State shall be the basis of representation, each State to be entitled to one delegate for every one thousand S. L. P. votes cast at the State election preceding the National Convention, and to one additional delegate for a major fraction thereof. Any State having one or more Sections and polling less than one thousand votes, or polling no votes at all, shall be entitled to one delegate; a territory to be treated as a State."

Article VII, Section 3:

"The National Executive Committee shall call for nominations for the place of the convention in January of the convention year, and the State Executive Committee, in transmitting the call to the Sections, shall call for nominations for delegates, the nominations to be submitted to a general vote of the Sections (in each State), with instructions as to the number of candidates each member has a right to vote for."

The call for nominations of the convention city having been issued by the N. E. C., the State Executive Committees must be prepared to act in accordance with the foregoing provisions and properly prepare for the election of delegates to the National Convention.

For the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.

Henry Kuhn, National Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE.

Fourth meeting held December 23, Comrade D. Enger chairman. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read. Roll call showed present Comrades Callan, Engelhardt, Young, Bohmbach, Sweeney, Hess, Gallagher and Berry, of the Socialist Labor Party, and Comrades Enger, Mrs. Enger, Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, Swanson, Peterson, Nelson and Gronoros, of the Scandinavian Socialist Club.

Correspondence from Massachusetts S. L. P. State Executive Committee secretary endorsed.

Committee to see Comrade Johnson reports that he will donate a chess table for the fair.

Report of Gallagher that Comrades of Lynn will give ten articles of the twenty to be offered at large, accepted.

Under report of Entertainment Committee, same was instructed to engage Dougherty's three pieces two nights, and his offer of one night was accepted.

Comrade Swanson was appointed to take charge of admission tickets.

Motion was carried that the officers, chairman, secretary and treasurer, with Comrades Gronoros and Young, act as the Executive Committee during the fair.

Committee reported having counted admission tickets, 2,063. Ordered to turn them over to Comrade Swanson.

Motion was made to reconsider graphophone in contest and let Section that dominated it take charge of the same at their own table at the fair.

Moved to adjourn until Wednesday evening, January 4, 1904.

John Sweeney, Secretary, 75 Prospect street, Cambridge, Mass.

CLEVELAND (OHIO) LECTURES.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., has arranged for the following lectures:

Sunday, January 17.—"Why American Workingmen Should Be Socialists," Speaker, J. Wettstein.

Sunday, February 7.—"Evolution of Property," Speaker, John D. Goerke.

Sunday, February 21.—"Attitude of the S. L. P. Towards Trades Unionism," Speaker, F. Seymour.

Sunday, March 6.—"Effect of Machinery on the Working Class," Speaker, John Kircher.

These lectures take place at 3 p. m. at Section Hall, 356 Ontario street, top floor (German-American Bank Building). All workingmen and their friends and especially the readers of the Weekly People are cordially invited to attend admission free.

CLEVELAND S. L. P. CONVENTION.

The city convention of the S. L. P. of Cleveland is called for Sunday, January 10, 1904, to meet at the Section's Hall, 356 Ontario street (German-American Bank Building), top floor, and will be called to order at 3 p. m. (sunrise) sharp.

The principal business of this convention is to nominate candidates for the various public offices to be voted for at the principal election in April.

It is the duty of each and every comrade to attend. Sympathizers and adherents of the S. L. P. are cordially invited.

BUFFALO LABOR LYCEUM.

A series of public lectures is now being held every Sunday at 3:15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near George street. Admission free to all.

Public Debate.

January 10.—Between Mr. Boris Reinstein and Attorney E. N. Heath.

Subject:

"Resolved: That no reform in our present Industrial System, but only the establishment of the Socialist Republic, can solve the Labor Problem."

January 17.—Mr. Orvus A. Curtis, on "Class-Consciousness."

January 24.—Attorney Thomas E. Boyd, on "Utopia—Yesterday and Tomorrow."

January 31.—Rev. L. M. Powers, on "Are We Civilized?"

DETROIT, MICH. AGITATION MEETINGS.

Section Detroit, Mich., will hold agitation meetings at Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on the following Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 p. m., and extends an invitation to all to attend. Free discussion, open to all. The subjects and lectures are:

January 10.—"The Socialist Labor Party: Its Aim and Object," Speaker, Fred Uhlman.

January 17.—"The Class Struggle," Speaker, Herman Richter.

January 24.—"Can Pure and Simple Trade Unions Solve the Labor Problem?" Speaker, M. Meyer.

January 31.—"Socialism vs. Capitalism," Speaker, George Hassler.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ATTENTION.

Section East St. Louis will give a series of lectures at Launta Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenues, every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

On January 10, Comrade Philip Veal will speak on "The Strike at Cripple Creek."

LYNN DISCUSSION MEETING.

The next regular discussion meeting of Section Lynn will be held in the new headquarters, 54 Central avenue, Friday evening, January 8, 1904. Subject: "Should the Socialist Labor Party Dominate the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance?"

All members should take notice and attend these meetings, and take part in the discussion.

Frank B. Jordan, Organizer.

L. A. 252, S. T. & L. A.

The last meeting of Local Alliance 252 was held on December 20 at 813 Park avenue, Brooklyn, with Comrade Louis T. Kunz in the chair and Comrade J. Martin acting as vice-chairman. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

A communication from D. A. 49 was laid over for new business.

It was regularly moved and seconded to hold meetings hereafter on the second Monday of each month. The organizer was authorized to call special meetings if necessary. The secretary was instructed to forward the proceedings of each meeting to The People for publication.

The reports of organizer and delegates to D. A. 49 were accepted; also 10 tickets of Egg Candlers' Union, L. A. 349, and 25 tickets to the grand ball and fair of D. A. 49. The comrades were urged to make this fair a success.

In regard to delegates to D. A. 49, an organizer (H. Kober) was instructed to request the same to attend the district meetings properly or forward their resignations as delegates to L. A. 252.

In reply to the communication of D. A. 49, a committee of two, consisting of H. Kober and Fred Loehr, was elected to assist the fair committee at the New Year's eve ball in Everett's Hall, 33 East Fourth street, New York.

The financial secretary was instructed to communicate with delinquent members in order to make it possible to wipe out the debts of L. A. 252 to D. A. 49 before January 1, 1904.

Next meeting will be held on Monday, January 11, 8 p. m., at 813 Park avenue, Brooklyn. Fred A. Loehr, Recording Secretary.

TO MEMBERS D. A. 4, S. T. & L. A.

In order to push the necessary work of organization, 5,000 invitation cards for alliance meetings have been ordered. All members who recognize the truth of our social conditions, being simply a reflect of economic conditions, will put their shoulder to the wheel and distribute in shop, factories, etc. Great work can be done during the next six months before the political campaign is on.

The district calls on all workers to help. Others won't, as the capitalist system could not get along without them.

A. J. Boland, Organizer.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS \$4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged \$1,898.05

Excelsior Literary Society, City 5.00

C. Merquel, Bayonne, N. J. 3.00

F. Metzger, Paducah, Ky. 3.00

J. Williams, Paducah, Ky. 3.00

E. Romary, Paterson, N. J. 3.00

J. C. Halliday, East St. Louis, Ill. 3.00

George Anderson, Salinas, Cal. 3.00

H. Ulrich, Saginaw, Mich. 3.00

Louis Kunz, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00

W. T. Welch, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

H. D. McTier, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

B. Downey, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

J. McTier, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

M. Sasinowsky, Philadelphia, Pa. 3.00

A. Lundberg, Providence, R. I. 5.00

O. Bartel, City 3.00

W. Moore, City 2.00

L. Newman, City 1.00

N. Zolinsky, City 1.00

W. W. Evans, Salt Lake City, Utah 1.00

J. J. Holm, Burnett, Minn. 1.00

E. Moonellis, City 1.00

F. Werdenberg, City 1.00

"O. K." Reading, Pa. 1.00

S. H. Reading, Pa. 1.00

A. Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00

P. Janke, Indianapolis, Ind. 1.00

W. Reitterer, Indianapolis, Ind. 1.00

S. Hutchinson, Grand Junction, Col. 1.00

S. L. P., Grand Junction, Col. 1.00

J. U. Billings, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

N. S. Johnson, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

M. H. Jones, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. Connell, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

Mrs. S. B. Hutchinson, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. B. Glisburg, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

C. Kucera, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

W. H. Burkhardt, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. M. Sellars, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

E. Coulton, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. Anderieg, South Bound Brook, N. J. 1.00

C. Schmidt, Lohn, Tex. 1.00

A. Orange, City 1.00

E. Kuelman, St. Paul, Minn. 1.00

L. Gluckman, New York, N. Y. 2.00

N. Trochman, New York, N. Y. 2.00

W. Selikowitz, New York, N. Y. 1.00

J. Holmes and friends, New York, N. Y. 1.00

William Riesenber, Chicago, Ill. 2.00

J. Hamerli, Chicago, Ill. 2.00

T. Krackenbuck, Chicago, Ill. 2.00

J. A. Jones, Norfolk, Va. 1.00

C. L. Johnson, Ymir, B. C. 1.00

J. Jurgis, Eureka, Cal. 1.00

Section Richmond, Va. 1.00

D. R. Munro, Oneonta, N. Y. 1.00